

JOHN BURT

By FREDERICK
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Author of "The Kidnapped Millionaire," "Colonel Monroe's Doctrine," Etc.

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A. J. DRESEL BIDDLE

CHAPTER XXXI—Continued.

Both accepted the invitation. For some moments after Mr. Hawkins had left no word was spoken between John Burt and James Blake. Each was busy with his thoughts, but John broke the silence.

"When is Miss Carden expected to return?" he asked, quietly.

"I'll try to find out to-night," said Blake, looking his partner full in the eyes. "My head has been so full of stocks that I've thought of nothing else. But I'll know all about it, John, before I meet you and Hawkins at dinner. Perhaps Jessie—or rather, Miss Carden—is back now. Who knows? This is your lucky day, old fellow, and all kinds of things may happen before midnight. Wouldn't it be great if I went up to the Bishop house and found her there? Of course I wouldn't say a word to spoil the surprise you have planned. Well, I must be going. Hope I'll have good news for you when I see you later."

Early in the evening Blake rang the bell of the Bishop mansion, and was greeted by General Carden.

"It is a pleasure, General Carden, to tender you this check, which represents your share of the profits. Don't say a word of thanks to me, for I do not deserve any credit. Is Miss Carden at home, and may I see her for a moment?"

"She will be delighted to see you. I will call her."

The general disappeared, and James Blake lay back in his chair, with his eyes fixed on the portrait of Jessie Carden.

He heard the faint rustle of a garment and turned to see Jessie Carden as she entered the room. A tender light glowed in her brown eyes, but there was something wistful in the smile; a blending of happiness, restraint and pity. The eyes dropped for a moment as they met his frank gaze, but her voice was clear and

"There is no mystery about it," said Jessie, her eyes flashing with anger. "Mr. Morris saw fit to take advantage of papa's bankruptcy, which gave him possession of our Boston residence. This portrait hung on its walls, and he doubtless had a copy made from it. This is consistent with other acts from which we have suffered at his hands. I—"

The portieres parted and Edith Hancock entered the room. Her eyes rested first on Blake and then on Jessie.

"Pardon this intrusion," she said. "I am looking for a book and did not know that any one was here. You are to be congratulated, Mr. Blake; doubly congratulated."

There was a tremor in the voice, but a proud flash of the lovely eyes as Edith bowed slightly, and, brushing the portieres aside, left the room.

"Don't go, Edith!" cried Jessie.

There was no response, and Jessie was too wise to follow her fair cousin. For some moments no words were spoken.

"I am going to tell you the story of that portrait," said Jessie. The crimson touched her cheeks and a light, such as Blake had never seen, was in her eyes. "Do you remember what you said last night? You said that it seemed as if we had been friends for years, and the same thought has occurred to me. I'm going to presume on that occult friendship, and tell you a secret. That portrait belongs to John Burt!"

"John Burt? The John Burt I knew as a boy? What do you mean, Jessie?"

She opened an album and handed it to him. On one page was the faded duplicate of the photograph from which had been painted the portrait he had seen so often in John Burt's study room in San Francisco. Opposite it was a photograph of John Burt. The album opened naturally to

a moment he was the careless, happy Blake, chatting lightly on trivial subjects.

"I must keep an engagement," he said, looking at his watch. "A friend of mine is here from California, and I'm to take dinner with him. He's a royal good fellow, rich, handsome, cultivated, and—and everything which a good fellow should be. I'd like to introduce him. May I call with him to-morrow evening?"

"Any friend of yours is welcome, especially a paragon with such bewitching attractions," laughed Jessie. "Good-bye, until to-morrow evening."

CHAPTER XXXII.

Through the Heart.

It lacked several minutes of the hour fixed for dinner when Blake strolled through the hotel safe and thence into the lobby. The babble of voices, the gesticulations and the nervous energy which pervaded the atmosphere were not in harmony with Blake's feelings.

"Jessie was afraid I was going to say something to-night, and so she told me that she loved John," he mused, throwing away a half-smoked cigar. "Dear old John! Lucky old John! Hello, what's the row? That sounds like Morris! I suppose he's drunk. If he had a spark of decency he'd be with his father. Here he comes!"

Morris pushed his way through the crowd and was followed by young Kingsley. Not until he was within a few feet of Blake did he recognize his rival. Though anxious to avoid a meeting, Blake scorned to retreat or to turn his back.

Morris stopped squarely in front of him. His lips parted with a sneer and his fingers toyed with a small walking stick. Blake leaned carelessly against a marble column, his eyes fixed on the man who confronted him. Had Blake been in a Western mining camp his fingers would have reached for the feel of a gun, but in a metropolitan hotel he had no sense of danger. The incident was trivial, but disagreeable.

"Lend me a thousand, Blake," demanded Morris.

A whisper passed around the room and many turned to watch these two men, whose names had filled the public prints of the day.

"Certainly," said Blake, a strange smile lighting up his handsome face. "Is a thousand enough, Morris?"

Blake took a wallet from his inner pocket and handed Morris a bill.

"And a match," ordered Morris, advancing a step nearer.

(To be continued.)

Ice Made in Open Air.

Dr. Wells, a London physician, in 1818, in his published essay on dew, was the first to draw attention to the curious artificial production of ice in India. Shallow pits are dug, which are partially filled with perfectly dry straw; on the straw board, flat pans containing water are exposed to the clear sky. The water, being a wonderful radiant, sends off its heat abundantly into space.

The heat thus lost cannot be replaced from the earth, for this source is excluded by the straw. Before sunrise a cake of ice is formed in each vessel. To produce this ice in quantities clear nights are advantageous, and particularly those on which practically no dew falls.

Should the straw get wet, it becomes more matted and compact, and consequently a better conductor of heat, for the vapor acts as a screen over the pans, checks the cold, and retards freezing.—Pearson's Weekly.

Indians of Jewish Strain.

Sir Alexander Mackenzie had an idea that the Indians of the far Northwest were partly Jewish in origin. From Lake Athabasca in 1794 he set out at the head of an expedition "in a birch-bark canoe, 25 feet long, 4½ feet beam and 26 inches hold, with 3,000 pounds of baggage and provision and a crew of nine French Canadians." He reached the Pacific coast and returned. The aborigines he met were "for the most part possessed of strongly religious instincts," said he in his report. "With regard to their origin all we are prepared to state, after a careful survey of their languages, manners and customs, is that they are undoubtedly of a mixed origin; come from the North-northwest and had commerce in their early history, perhaps, through intermarriage with people of Jewish persuasion or origin."

Had Fun With the Umpire.

William Hayes acted as umpire at ball game near Washington, Pa., last Sunday, and his decisions did not seem to give unmixed satisfaction. Toward the close of the game he gave one decision which evidently gave great pain to the players on both sides. Half a dozen of them seized and carried him to a near-by river and tossed him in. Umpire Hayes scrambled out in a hurry, whereupon the indignant athletes threw him back and held him under water until he was nearly drowned. Then they rolled him on a beer keg until he recovered, when they volunteered the information that he was not cut out for an umpire. On reflection Mr. Hayes is prepared to agree with this idea. However, he means to sue a dozen of his assailants.

German Empress Studies Medicine.

One of the most studious queens in Europe is the German empress, who cares very little indeed for pomp and ceremony. Her majesty's favorite study is medicine and she has instructed herself so well in the art of healing that she is regarded as quite an efficient adviser in cases of ordinary illness.

THE PRINCIPALITY OF SARAWAK

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE)

If the average person who goes up to take a civil service examination were asked where Sarawak is, he would, unless he had survived a youthful enthusiasm for stamp collecting, fall disgracefully. Yet the history of Sarawak is the story of one of the most remarkable examples of the rapid civilization of a savage people in these times, and to-day the principality, which is about the size of the State of Louisiana, has a considerable import and export trade.

Sarawak, which has an area of



about 50,000 square miles and a population of about 600,000, lies on the northeastern coast of the island of Borneo. It is a fertile country, drained by many rivers, and remarkable for its spices, tobacco, coffee, rice, gutta percha, sago, and, it should also be remarked, orang-outangs. Gold is exported and diamonds and coal are mined. Although it lies in the torrid zone, its lowest boundary reaching within fifty miles of the equator, it has a fairly good climate, and the fact that Europeans may live there comfortably is borne out by the long residence of the Rajah's family. Sarawak, declared independent by the first Rajah Brooke, the adventurer whose story is as romantic as any that has found its way into print, in 1838 became a protectorate of Great Britain, and only its foreign affairs require the sanction of the British government.

Sir James Brooke was the son of a civil service employe of the East India Company, in the military service of which young Brooke entered as a cadet. He spent the early years of his active life in Bengal, and was later commissioned a lieutenant. In the Burmese war he was shot through the lungs, and returned home to recuperate. He recovered, but the ship in which he had taken passage back to India having been wrecked, he reached there the day after his leave had expired, and was told he had lost his commission. It was in vain that he explained he was a victim of a shipwreck. His explanation was not received, and the victim of red tape turned from his military career to one of adventure.

Turned from India, young Brooke accompanied the ship which had brought him out to China, and on the way he got his first glimpse of the wonderful Indian archipelago—of which "Twelve Thousand Isles" Borneo is the pearl. The idea of exploring the mysterious islands and the value of the products from them took his fancy, and upon his return to England his mind was made up; he had decided on a life of adventure.

In 1838 his father died, and James Brooke succeeded to a fortune so handsome that his life of adventure was assured. He bought a schooner yacht, the Royalist, 142 tons, put a crew on board and then sailed into the Mediterranean, where, for several years, the crew was trained, and then selected with the care of a pirate chief. He wanted none but trusty, lusty and true men aboard the Royalist. Finding a crew to his liking, he weighed anchor and set out for the China Sea. When he reached Singapore he decided to take a look at Borneo.

Borneo at that time was under the rule of the Rajah Muda Hassim, as fine an example of a cutthroat as ever



ruled a native people. At the time the Rajah was residing at Sarawak, having found the tumultuous and ever-increasing shouts for his life in his capital wearying. The interior of the island was in rebellion against the Rajah, and his existence was in danger of an abrupt conclusion at any time.

Brooke heard of the Rajah's dilemma, and considered that he had arrived at an opportune time. The open-

ing chorus was on, and it was plainly his cue to appear with a recitative. So the yacht Royalist set sail, with numerous presents for the Rajah.

He found Muda Hassim to be generous and well affected to the English, and he found the rebellion had been underrated. The Rajah intimated that he would like to have him stay a while, but instead Brooke pushed into the interior and visited several wild tribes. He saw enough to convince him that Sarawak was a golden opportunity; but he left the country after having satisfied himself. In 1840 he paid another visit, and found the rebellion had increased. The Sultan of Bruni (Borneo) was bestirring himself, and the Rajah considered it time to make a move. He approached Brooke and asked his assistance in putting down the rebellion.

Brooke enjoyed the scheme, and led parties of Malays and Dyaks against the rebel chieftain, Shereef Moksain. He built forts in the jungle, and reinforced his native troops with men from his yacht; finally, after a terrific battle in which Brooke was wounded, he drove the rebels into a river. There was a whirlwind action in the methods of the European which showed the rebels that they were contending against training and skill, so they agreed to a truce, and in December, 1840, after four years of hostilities, a treaty of peace was signed. Brooke made the rebels burn their stockades and surrender their arms, and as a conquest the affair was complete.

It was then proposed to transfer the government to Brooke, who showed he was more capable than the reigning Rajah. He assented to the proposition, and then turned his attention to the pirates which infested the coast, and soon that business, which had been an honorable profession for 2,000 years, was wiped out. Brooke began to organize a government. He ruled with fairness and firmness, drew up laws, had them properly executed, de-



ONE OF RAJAH BROOKE'S SOLDIERS

signed a national flag, in which the cross from his family coat-of-armor figured, and declared the independence of Sarawak.

DON'T GRIT YOUR TEETH.

The Man in the Chair Gets a Pointer or Two From the Dentist.

"No teeth to fill," the dentist said to the man in the chair, "but you are grinding off your teeth more than you ought to. Do you grit your teeth in your sleep?"

And the man said he didn't stay awake long enough to know about that, but were they much ground off?

"More than they ought to be at your age," said the dentist. "You have worn the enamel off from some of them and got down to the dentine."

"What's going to happen?" asked the victim.

"Why, if you keep on grinding them off," said the dentist, "the teeth will hollow out and we'll have to put plugs in them with gold tops to give them new grinding surfaces."

This wasn't a very pleasant prospect, so later the man sought to ascertain for himself whether he did grit his teeth unduly. And while he was still unable to stay awake long enough to find out, he did discover that he had a habit at times of gritting his teeth, in his waking moments, when he sat back from his work to think of something, for instance. And he made up his mind that he would stop that, anyway, and he hoped that he might thus stop grinding his teeth in his sleep, if he did so grind them. For, fine as they might be, he didn't want any of those nice little gold-capped plugs put in his teeth if he could help it.

Stingy Woman.

Employment Agent—Why did you leave Mrs. Goodson so soon? She is said to be a very nice woman.

Domestic—Nice! She's that stingy she begrudges the very air ye breathe.

"You amaze me."

"Judge for y'rself. Kerosene isn't worth over 12 cents a gallon, is it?"

"No."

"Well, she most had a fit 'cause I started to pour a few drops of it in th' kitchen stove.—New York Weekly.

VARIOUS KINDS OF DAYS.

Word Said to Have No Real Meaning Without Defining Adjective.

Five kinds of day are recognized, and it has been said that the word "day" has no real meaning without an adjective defining what kind of a day is meant. There is a civil day, the astronomical day, the apparent solar day, the mean solar day, and the sidereal day. The civil day begins at the midnight preceding mean noon, and consists of twenty-four hours counted after twelve o'clock; the astronomical day begins twelve hours after the civil day, or at the mean noon of the corresponding civil day. These hours are reckoned from 0 to 24. It will be seen, therefore, that while 10h. 12min., January 1st astronomical time, is also 10h. 12min. January 1st civil time, yet 22h. 12min., January 1st astronomical time, is also 10h. 12min. a. m., January 2nd civil time. There are many anomalies growing out of this use of the civil day, and there are many arguments in favor of using the astronomical day. It is one of the reforms which undoubtedly will come some time.

The Reason Why.

Drummond, Wis., Sept. 19 (Special)

—Whole families in Bayfield County are singing the praises of Dodd's Kidney Pills and the reason why is given in experiences such as that of T. T. Wold, a well-known citizen here.

"I had such pains in my back that I did not know what to do," says Mr. Wold, "and as I came across an advertisement of Dodd's Kidney Pills I sent for a box. That one box relieved me of all my pains. My wife also used them and found them just what she needed. I recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills as a sure cure for Backache and other Kidney Troubles."

Backache is one of the earliest symptoms of Kidney Disease. Dodd's Kidney Pills cure it promptly and permanently and prevent it developing into Rheumatism, Dropsy, Diabetes or Bright's Disease.

The Old-Time "Nanna."

A writer in a recent number of the Queen expresses the opinion (which is shared by many other people) that children are not one whit better brought up by the smart, white-robed, certificated nurses so much sought after nowadays than they were by the comfortable "Nanna" of the days gone by. The old nurse still holds a place in the hearts of the men and women who knew her loving care when they were children, and they will never forget her "treats" that used to delight their hearts. "Best of all," says a woman, "was lantern tea, when all the lights were put out, and the nursery was illuminated by penny tin lanterns, containing colored candles, which cast weird shadows on the solemn faces round the festive board."

Irish Village of Baltimore.

Baltimore, in Maryland, gets its name from a small and unostentatious fishing village in Ireland. The word Baltimore signifies the "village that grew up about the big house" and the derivation is plain when one sees the ivy-covered ruins of the very remarkable big house that was once stronghold of the O'Driscolls. It is situated upon an imposing height, a sentinel over the numerous little dwellings that have sprung up and increased in the vicinity of its wrecked and deserted life. From the village of Baltimore enormous catches of mackerel are sent to America.

Woman Bent on Vengeance.

As M. Leon Victor was passing along the Boulevard St. Michael, Paris, a woman attacked him and bit his ear off. He is now dangerously ill of blood poisoning. The woman said she had been jilted, and was determined to wreak her vengeance on every man she met.

CHANGE FOOD

Some Very Fine Results Follow.

The wrong kind of food will put the body in such a diseased condition that no medicines will cure it. There is no way but to change food. A man in Mo. says:

"For 2 years I was troubled so with my nerves that sometimes I was prostrated and could hardly ever get in a full month at my work."

"My stomach, back and head would throb so I could get no rest at night except by fits and starts, and always had distressing pains."

"I was quite certain the trouble came from my stomach but two physicians could not help me and all the tonics failed and so finally I turned to food."

"When I had studied up on food and learned what might be expected from leaving off meat and the regular food I had been living on, I felt that a change to Grape-Nuts would be just what was required so I went to eating it."

"From the start I got stronger and better until I was well again and from that time I haven't used any bit of medicine for I haven't needed any."

"I am so much better in every way, sleep soundly nowadays and am free from the bad dreams. Indeed this food has made such a great change in me that my wife and daughter have taken it up and we are never without Grape-Nuts on our table nowadays. It is a wonderful sustainer and we frequently have nothing else at all but a saucer of Grape-Nuts and cream for breakfast or supper." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Good food and good rest. These are the tonics that succeed where all the bottled tonics and drugs fail. Ten days trial of Grape-Nuts will show one the road to health, strength and vigor. "There's a reason."

Look in each pkg. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."



This heart beat fast as he gazed into her face.

sweet as she offered her hand and said:

"You have made this the happiest day of our lives, Mr. Blake. I—"

"Not another word," interrupted James Blake. "You must not thank me. Please don't, Jessie. It's the only favor I ask."

"Why not?"

The parted lips and questioning eyes were eloquent with surprise.

"Because I don't want you to," he said, releasing the little hand.

His heart beat fast as he gazed into her face, but in that moment he gained the final victory, and only the numbing pain of wounded passion remained.

Less than a day had passed since he had resolved to surrender all hope for the love of Jessie Carden. Why had he done so? James Blake could not answer that question. He had not calmly weighed his chances of success against those of failure.

Like a flash it dawned upon him that he could not—that he must not—he disloyal to John Burt. He did not reason it out—it was told to him in that voiceless, wordless language which has no name or key.

"You must not imagine," he said, "that your father is under the slightest obligations to me. On the contrary, our firm is indebted to him. The stock which he held was the key to the situation. Without it we could have done nothing. We have simply been able to verify the general's confidence in its value, and he is the one to be congratulated on the outcome."

"I don't believe a word you say," replied Jessie Carden, laughing. "I'm not so stupid about these Wall street affairs as you imagine. If it had not been for you, Mr. Morris would have defamed pap out of all his propriety."

"Speaking of Morris reminds me of something which has often puzzled me," said Blake, changing the subject. "It's about that portrait. The first time I ever met Arthur Morris I saw your portrait in his library room. It has always puzzled me. Some time tell you why."

"My portrait in Mr. Morris' room?" exclaimed Jessie, the color mounting to her cheeks. "Surely you are jesting, Mr. Blake!"

"It was probably a copy, though he said it was the original," replied Blake. "He said you had it painted for him in Berlin, and that you presented it to him. The first time I came here I saw this one and thought it a remarkable coincidence."

these pages—sure proof that certain white fingers had sought them out many, many times.

"It was only a week before he went away," said Jessie, softly, "that those pictures were taken. It was a glorious day in autumn, and our horses had galloped miles and miles. Near the bay shore in Hingham we saw a traveling photographer, and I suggested that we have our pictures taken. We each gave the other one, and I have mine yet. We—"

"And he has his yet," said Blake, a far-off look in his eyes.

"He has! How do you know, Mr. Blake? Have you—"

"Of course he has it. I'll wager dear old John has never parted with that little gift. Excuse my interruption, Jessie; I'm greatly interested."

"You spoke as if you knew," said Jessie, her heart beating wildly. "The last day I saw him he spoke of you. We sailed out to Black Reef and we talked of many things. John said he was going to California, and wondered if you were there and if he would see you. That seems ages ago, but it's only five years. And then we sailed back to the grove and he quarreled with Arthur Morris. You have heard the story. That night we parted, and a thousand times I have heard the hoofs of his horse as he galloped away in the darkness."

She paused, but Blake, with his eyes on the portrait, said nothing.

"When you told me that you were John Burt's friend I liked you," she said, in a voice which thrilled his very being. "You have been all that he said in your favor, and many times more. I would that it were in my power to repay you, Mr. Blake. You have at your command everything which money can furnish, and I and my prayer for your happiness."

He took her hand and impulsively pressed it to his lips.

"You have made me very, very happy," he said, rising to his feet as she tenderly withdrew her hand. "I should like to tell you something which—which—but I must not tell it. Some day you will know me better. Will you promise not to be angry with me, then? Will you promise, Jessie?"

"Angry with you? I am sure I shall never be angry with you."

"That is your promise?"

"That is my promise."

He laughed gaily as she repeated the words, but his lips quivered and his eyes glistened suspiciously. In